

A most Excellent Song of the love of young Palmus, and fair Sheldra.
To the Tune of, Shackley-hey.



Young Palmus was a Ferry-man
Whom Sheldra fair did love,
At Shackley where her weep did gaze,
There his thoughts did probe;
But he unkindly stole away,
And left his Love at Shackley-hey,
fa la, fa la la li.
So loud at Shackley did she cry,
The words resound at Shackley hey,
fa la, fa la la li.

But all in vain she did complain,
For nothing did him move;
The wind did turn him back again,
And brought him to his Love.
When she saw him thus turn'd by fate,
She turn'd her love to mortal hate,
fa la, &c.
Then weeping to himself did say,
I live with thee at Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

No no, quoth she, I thee deny,
My love thou once did scorn,
And to my prayers wouldst not hear,
But left me here forlorn.
But now being turn'd by fate of wind,
Thou think'st to win me to thy mind,
fa la, &c.
Go, go, farewell I thee deny,
Thou shalt not live at Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

If thou dost my love disdain
Because I live on Seas:
Or that I am a Ferry-man,
My Sheldra doth displease,
I will no more in that estate
Be subject unto wind and fate,
fa la, &c.
But quite forsake both Ears and Sea,
And live with thee at Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

My Sheldra's Bed shall be my Boat,
Her arms shall be my Oars,
Where love instead of Storms shall float,
On pleasant Downs and Shores,
Her sweet breath my pleasant gale,
Through tides of love to guide my sail,
fa la, &c.
Her love my praise, she is my joy,
So live with me at Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

No Titan shall with me compare,
So fortunate to prove,
Fair Venus never was his Peer,
I'll bear the Queen of Love,
The working water never fear,
For Cupids self our Barge will steer,
fa la, &c.
And to the Shoar I still will cry,
My Sheldra's come to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

To strew the Boat for thy abail,
I'll rob the flow'ry Meads,
And whilst thou guid'st the silken sail,
I'll row with golden Oars,
And as upon the Seas we float,
A thousand Swans shall guide the boat,
fa la, &c.
And to the Shoar I still will cry,
My Sheldra comes to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

And have a story painted there,
Whereon there may be seen,
How Sopho lov'd a Ferry-man,
Being a learned Queen,
In golden Letters shall be writ,
How well in love himself he quit,
fa la, &c.
Then all the Lasses still shall say,
With Palmus we'll to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

And walking easily to the Strand,
We'll angle in the Brook,
And fish with the white Lilly wands,
Thou know'st no other hook:
To which the fish shall soon be brought,
And strive which shall the first be caught,
fa la, &c.
A thousand pleasures we will try,
As we walk on to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

And if we be oppress'd with heat,
In the mid time of the day,
Under the willow tall and great,
We'll be our quiet bay:
Where I will make thee fans of bows,
From Phæbus beams to shade thy brows,
fa la, &c.
And cause them at the Ferry cry,
My Sheldra comes to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

A troop of dainty neighbouring girls,
Shall dance along the Strand,
Upon the gravel all of Pearls,
To wait when thou shalt land,
And call themselves upon the ground,
Whilst thou with Garland shalt be
fa la, &c. (crown'd,
And Shepherds all with joy shall say,
So Sheldra comes to Shackley-hey,
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Although I did my self absent,
'twas but to try thy minde,
But now thou may'st thy self absent,
for being so unkinde,
For now thou'rt turn'd by wind and fate,
Instead of love thou purchast hate,
fa la, &c.

Therefore return thee to the Sea,
And bid farewell to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

When all in vain she did complain,
and no remorse could finde,
Young Palmus through his own disdain
made fair Sheldra unkinde:
And she is from him fled and gone
He laid him in his boat alone,
fa la, &c.

And so betwix him to the Sea,
And bid farewell to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

Then from the happy sandy shore,
into the floating waves,
His vessel fraught with b琳 tears,
into the main he labes,
But all in vain, for why he still
With weeping eyes his Boat did fill,
fa la, &c.

And launcht himself into the Sea,
And bid farewell to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

Now farewell to my Sheldra fair,
whom I no more shall see,
I mean to lead my life at Sea,
by thy inconstancy,
Come Neptune come to thee I cry,
With thee I'll live, with thee I'll dye,
fa la, &c.

Then launcht himself into the Sea,
And bid farewell to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

But far from thence he had not gone
ere Sheldra fair returned,
Whose kind pity made me moan,
such passion in her burned,
But when she to that place arriv'd,
She found the shore of him deserv'd,
fa la, &c.

And heo dear Palmus now at Sea,
Had bid farewell to Shackley-hey,
fa la, &c.

She then with bitter sighs complain'd,
her grief did so abound,
It grieved that she him disdain'd,
whom she so loving found;
But now alas 'twas all in vain,
For he was gone by her disdain,
fa la, &c.

Leaving that place to her alone,
While now laments that he is gone,
fa la, &c.

Who watch'd Sheldra then quoth she,
confess what fond disdain
Hath watch caus'd to sell en thee,
by this long-suffering pain:
By thee alas so soon forgot,

Serve to thy loves strange heful lot.
fa la, &c.

And thus to lye and for him cry,
Whom thou so fondly dost deny,
fa la, &c.

Who once did truly love I see
will ever after hate,
As both too well appear by me
in my forsaken state:
Alas my scorn I mean to prove
By only trial of thy love;
fa la, &c.

Now haplesse me, for I do see
He hath forsaken woful me;
fa la, &c.

Thus all the while in roughest Seas
poor Palmus Boat was tost;
But more in's minde this did disclose
because his Sheldra's lost;
In midst of this he her forswears,
He rent his coat and tore his hair;
fa la, &c.
Threw hope away, for he alas
Could be no more drawn'd than he was;
fa la, &c.

Even as his grief had swallowed him
so did the greedy waves,
About his boat and o'er the brim,
each billow swiftly raves;
There is no trust to swelling powers
That what it may it will devour;
fa la, &c.

And the breach the Seas may see
The Boat felt more the rage than he;
fa la, &c.

Thus wreckt and scattered in the state,
while he in quiet swam,
Through liquid paths to their gate
by soft degree went down,
Whom when the Pymps beheld the gill
soon laid aside their sporting pearls
fa la, &c.

And up they heav'd him as a guest,
Unloft for now come to the feast,
fa la, &c.

His case they pittied, but when they
beheld his face right faine,
For very love into the Sea
they pul'd him back again:
So were they with his beauty mov'd,
For what is fair is soon belov'd:
fa la, &c.

Then with the Pymps he lives in Sea
That left his Love at Shackley-hey;
fa la, &c.

Then Sheldra fair to Shackley went
to end her woful daies,
Because young Palmus cast himself
into the floating Seas,
At Shackley did fair Sheldra dye,
Young Palmus in the Seas doth lye,
fa la, &c.

So as they liv'd so did they dye,
And bid farewell to Shackley-hey;
fa la, &c.